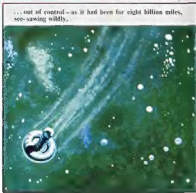


The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

THROUGH the ice-cold vastness of outer space hurtled a cosmo craft - large, unearthly, and out of control...



...out of control - as it had been for eight billion miles, see-sawing wildly.



...out of control for the most final of all reasons - THERE WAS A DEAD HAND ON THE ASTRO-HELM.



Indeed, the craft was manned by a crew that had been frozen to death.



The mechanism controlling the heating of the ship had been destroyed, and the unimaginable cold of outer space had done the rest. Result - instant death for the men, who were the last of the Triganes, all that were left of a once-mighty civilisation, pride of the planet Elekton.

Then a mighty meteor plunged towards the spaceship, blazing furiously and howling like Gabriel's trumpet.



But the dead slept on and the meteor missed the cosmo craft close enough to alter its veering course and aim it - at EARTH!



A painting of two men in a small boat on a river, surrounded by large trees and dense foliage. The man on the left is wearing a blue shirt and a hat, and the man on the right is wearing a green shirt. They are both looking towards the camera. The background is a lush green forest with large trees and hanging vines. The water is calm and reflects the surrounding greenery.

A dramatic scene from the movie 'The Last Samurai' showing a massive explosion or fire erupting from a river, with a samurai boat in the foreground.

The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

The mysterious cosmo-craft that had one day fallen out of space into a Florida swamp was salvaged and put on exhibition in an American World's Fair for everyone to see.



Professors and learned men from every country studied the many volumes and charts which had been removed from the spaceship. They were trying to translate the writings and strange symbols.



Medical men studied the sketches made from the bodies of the dead spaceship crew.



Yet, when all had been seen, studied, taken apart and put together again, nothing more was known than when the cosmo-craft had first been taken from the swamp. Its mechanism, its fuel, its instruments, the language of its dead crew—everything baffled the experts. At last they all gave up their efforts and turned to other and simpler matters such as designing and building manned Mars rockets.



But one man—an enthusiastic young student—refused to give up. His name was Haddon—Richard Peter Haddon—and he was determined to discover the clue that would translate the beautifully printed books.



The years went by and Haddon reached middle age.



Come on, Dick! Leave those stuffy old books for once and come out for a walk. It will do you good.

No—you go along. I think I've found something. It may be the clue I'm searching for. I must try the computer tomorrow.

Again and again he thought he had found the key to the strange writings. But he was always disappointed. And then one day—he was an old man of seventy-two—he fed a final programme into his computer and for the first time a translated sentence was delivered—his life-long task was rewarded.



Yes, but for the fact that one man had been prepared to devote every spare-time hour of his life to solving the riddle, the amazing story of the rise and fall of the Trigan Empire would never have been given to the world. THIS IS THAT STORY.

More than a billion miles from our world is the star of Yarna and circling it, as we circle the sun, is the planet Elekton. It has eight vast continents, the most important being the continent of Victria. When the Trigan story commences, Victria consisted of five countries.



In those days, wandering but highly civilized tribes inhabited the country of Vorg. We are concerned with a certain tribe led by three brothers—triplets named Brag, Khad and Trigo.



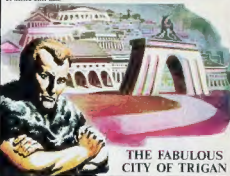
The seeds of the future mighty Trigan Empire were sown on that evening of Vorgan sunset by the ambitious Trigo.



Our nation is split up into small tribes, living off the land that is fruitful in all that we need to live—but wandering, always wandering.



Trigo had been nursing his plans for many months and as he awaited his brothers' answers in his mind he saw a vision of the future—the city of five hills that was to be named after him.



But the Lokans are nursing plans, too... plans for an air attack on Trigo and his people!

The more Professor Haddon consulted from the wooden volumes found in the strange spacecraft, the more established he became at the story they told . . . the story of the brothers Trigo, Kint and Breg.



It was Breg who answered first.



"Food of a brother! We are Voegans, mighty hunters! Who would rot in a city while there is a single wild Zarget to slay?"

As if in answer to his words, a Zarget leaped out of the undergrowth nearby and snuffed the air suspiciously . . .



Instantly Breg leapt to his writing knee . . . and burst mocking defiance at his brother Trigo . . .



"Watch me run down and slay the Zarget, Trigo . . . See a hunter doing the thing he was born to do . . . and shew thy to convince our people to give up their ancient ways and dwell in a city."

Long was the chase. True to his deadly, cunning method, the savage Zarget kept up its lung-burning flight till Breg's horse was all but collapsing . . .



And then . . . with a shrill scream of fury . . . the Zarget turned—and struck!



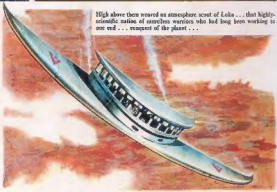
But the vicious talons met only Brag's shield . . . and the mighty hunter's sword glided as it struck home.



Seldun had the people of Varg seen a Zargat slain so skillfully . . . They surrounded the hunter and his dead quarry, and again Brag loved his brother, Trigo. . . .



Trigo pointed up to the sky, where, so high, could he even the thin white plume of a vapour trail . . .



The gathering on the plain below did not pass unnoticed aboard the atmosphere scout . . .



Like a thunderbolt, the attacking scout screeched groundwards . . . and the searing glare of its heat projectiles illuminated the plain with their hideous light . . .



Page by page, Professor Haddon, worked through the strange books, entranced by the events which they brought to his mind's eye . . .



The attack lasted the time it takes a man to draw four evil breaths . . . by then the deadly best projectiles had done their destructive work.



The survivors gathered about the three brothers who were their leaders. Big, his eyes rolling wildly, howled like a beast in agony.



No, my brother . . . No!

Quelling his own grief and fury, Triga addressed them all.



For answer, Triga pointed to the fire hills that rose from the plain.



Cradling his dead son in his arms, Big silently echoed his brother's words . . .



On the outer edge of the continent of Vietnam lay the war-like country of Loka, where the silver domes of the capital city of Ryuan gleamed in the sunlight.



In his black-walled palace, the King of Loka was conferring with his captains when the news of the cowardly attack upon the Vorgs was brought to him.



We exposed them to a burst of the best projectiles, all-highes. A third of their number perished . . . perhaps more.

Good . . . good. That will keep those stupid peasants quiet.



If they are so ill-advised as to seek revenge, we will destroy them completely. But otherwise we will leave them in peace . . . for the time being!

Then the King of Loka dismissed the Vargans from his mind and turned to the problems in hand . . . which was nothing less than his next step to the conquest of the planet.



Our urgent need is to take over Thary with all its wealth. Like ourselves, Thary is highly advanced, and the war will be long and costly . . . We attack Thary tomorrow!

Four agonizing days later, a stupendous monument stood on the hill-crest . . . A monument to the slain.

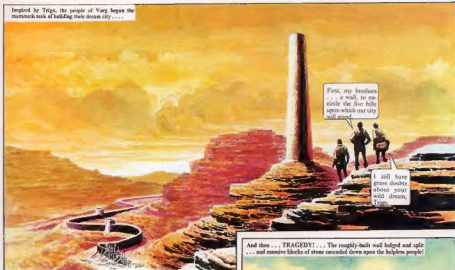


Meanwhile, on the highest of the five hills that run from the plain of Vorg, Teigo and his people were already at work . . .



There it will stand as the end of time. To remind us of the loved ones we have lost, and around it we will build our city!

Inspired by Trigo, the people of Varg began the mammoth task of building their dream city . . .



First, my brothers . . . a wall, to encircle the five hills upon which our city will stand.

I still have grave doubts about your wild dream, Trigo.

After forty days of back-breaking labour, a stout wall was built about the five hills . . . and Trigo addressed his people . . .



My dream has begun to be a reality! . . . Within this wall we will build our city . . . the wall will be our bastion . . .

And then . . . TRAGEDY! . . . The roughly-built wall bulged and split . . . and massive blocks of stone tumbled down upon the hapless people!



With his own hands, Trigo laboured to dig out the victims of his shattered dream . . .



The stars he pruned . . . this boy lives . . .

And afterwards, he had to face the fury of his people . . . and the scathing tongues of his brothers, Brug and Khod.

Forget your dream, Trigo. Let us return to our life in the wilderness. The people of Varg are mighty hunters - NOTHING MORE!



the Trigo shook his head...

I say the city will be built...
A WAY WILL BE FOUND!



That night, Trigo rose from his bed of slumber and stood looking at the bare five hills... and in his mind he saw again the city of his dreams...



Then he saw the bright lights dazzling the night sky on the far horizon... this was reality... it had been going on for many days and nights...



Indeed, at that very moment, the chief city of peace-loving Thars... renowned as the loveliest city on the planet Eklon... was being pounded to rubble by the air fleet of the vicious Lokans...



... while in his black-velvet palace, Zerk, the evil ruler of Loka, heard reports of the attack... and rejoiced.

By dawn, All-Highest, the city of Thars will only be a memory... the population is fleeing in blind panic... all resistance is collapsing!



Amidst the destruction of the city of the Thars, one man remained calm... He was Peric... the great architect who had built the city...



The architect looked helplessly at his daughter...



Only the Vorns live in the wilderness... can you imagine the great Peric living amidst such savagery?... No, my dear! I will stay and die in the ruins of my lovely city.

But even as Peric and his daughter argued, the Lokasaile computer was preparing for the final devastation of the city.



The destruction is not proceeding quickly enough. Prepare to use the disintegrating waves.



We are over the heart of the city. DISCHARGE THE WAVES!



Their control over available, superforce waves of energy was the most devastating weapon in the arsenal of the Lokasa. At the order, the fleet discharged a shock wave that could crumble stone to powder.

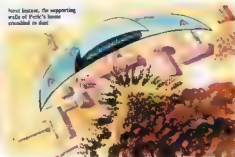
In the study of his splendid house stood Peric, the great architect of Thare. As the walls shivered about him, he called out to his daughter.



Flare, Sabu, have yourself! I will stay and die with the city! Here!

Father will not leave you.

Next instant, the supporting walls of Peric's house crumbled to dust.



Sylvia saw her father buried beneath the masonry of the ceiling



In vain, she strove to free her father and then a shadow fell across her



Sylvia was scared the newcomer was one of her father's Zoltan slaves. The Zoltan were a primitive people who had been conquered by the Tharve in the distant past



The Zoltan slaves had always been obedient but what would happen now that Tharve was no more?

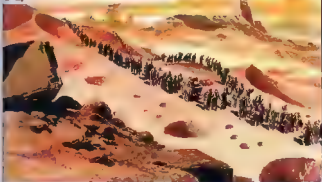
And then the massive creature stomped and crushed the massive stones from the prostrate team



Throwing Eric over his broad shoulders like a rag doll, the giant Zoltan shuffled from the ruins, beckoning to the girl to follow him



When the dawn of the new sun rose in the sky, nothing remained of the beautiful city that Pagar had built and he and his daughter and the faithful slave had joined the throng of homeless people who were heading for the safety of the wilderness of Varg



Varg, where dwell the chiefdoms. Triga, who had dreams of greatness for his people



into the wilderness of the corners of Vergo's realm to
drag the bones of despairing people.



And among the tragic multitude was the old abbess: Her
son, daughter Sauria, and dear Zola's wife.



But when
a few days
after the
war, the
old abbess
Sauria
and her
daughter
Zola's wife
were found
dead in their
beds.

From a rocky crag above, a seer-
ing party of Vergo looked down on
the newcomers to their land.

(The Thurns or Reaps were then called Wolf-
Shall's ride had and go to the new land.)



As one of the three brothers who led the Vergo
tribes, Alad better's remembered the red, his people
always looked on his brother's eyes for their orders.



am not capable of doing such this
vocation! There is not enough food to
starve pack of cowardly fools! Drive them
back from whence they came! Now!

And so, the Vergo rode down upon the frightened multitudes,
and brutally drove them back.



at night, the unknown
will say at all.

It is one man's story. There is no
There is nothing here of you. Much.



The faithful Zolt halted his victim high



Later, on the crest of a rocky crag overlooking the
the Hills that rose above the plain of Varg, Torgo
told the old man of his dream.

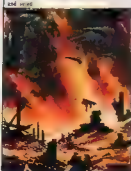


In my arduous quest to
find a city on those five hills
such as this planet has never
seen, where men can walk in free
joy and splendour, a city he
will be the price and the glory
be Planet Elysia.



Only one man can turn my dream
into reality and fate has seen hope
in me. Will you direct the
building of my city, Prince?

While this was happening, the air fleets of the
vicious Lokans were pouring in rubble the
last remains of the dream city of the weary
king Thorne. The city that Prince had built
and loved.



And within the crumbling walls of the palace, the elite guards of
Thorne were earning deathly glory in a last stand against the
swEEPING attack of the Lokan ground forces.



Our armies
are all but
annihilated.

Then our swords
fight on the yet
for Thorne.

By dawn, it was all over and Zorth the Lord of Lokas feasted
his evil eyes upon the destruction he had wrought.



What now, All-Mighty?
do we march on Varg and
destroy the barbarians
together with the Thorne
as we have fled here.

Drunk with triumph,
Zorth could afford
to jest.



...matters little whether we
first obliterate Varg or
then our foes the other way
and wipe out the country of
Lokas men. Since we will
destroy both in our good
time.

He slipped a coin on the air, a gold coin,
bearing on one side his own hateful counte-
nance, and on the other the crowned heads of
Lokas.



We will let the
coin decide. If
my head lands
upside down, we
march on Varg.

The going, most was not to know it, but in
that brief moment of time the fate of the Planet
Elysia was being decided for a thousand years
on the spin of a fateful disc of gold.

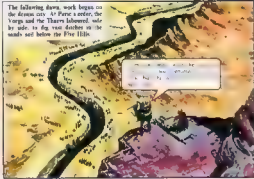
The angry voice of Trigo's brother Nid rasped out



At this, the monster
Zach shambled for-
ward and hung him-
self on the feet of the
Maid of the Virgin.



The following days, work began on the dig site. At 7 a.m. a crew of the Corps and the Thais labored, side by side, to dig out debris in the woods and below the Five Hills.



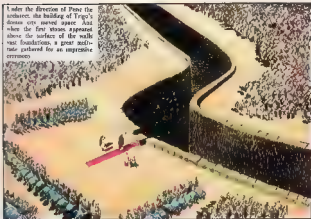
We are building on sandy soil
for every stone that appears above
the ground, another stone must be
set under the ground to support it.
Your city will not be built in a day,
Ezekiel



Trigo's brother Klad watched from afar with jealousy eating into his running brain.



Under the direction of Pate the architect, the building of Trigo's domes city moved apace. And when the first stones appeared above the surface of the walls, vast foundations, a great multitude gathered for an impressive ceremony.



Stragglers to his fighting warriors, Trigo smote the foundation stone with the blade of his killing-axe.



I dedicate this city to the people of Verg born and unborn.



Now it grew to become the wonder of the Plains. Eickon and his men thousand years.

Standing near were Trigo's brothers, Klad and Brag. It was Klad who patterned acclis under his breath.



on "household name" in just. For it and his looks to a handsome man who is in her selection to do.

Brag struggled his massive shoulders and answered woodenly.



You may be right, but, from what hear Zorth is finding, he conquest of Cato a much bigger task than he had expected.

And Klad thought to himself.

Indeed, the fortunes of the all-conquering forces of Zorth the tyrant were going badly. Obdurate to his savage orders, the Leluan Air Fleet had flown to Lanthana to cast its subtle.

This is so, and perhaps she was but come when Zorth would be grateful for help and advice.





And so, the ground forces of Zorth, King of the Lokans, moved into Cato. In the first battle they annihilated the royal guards, the cream of that little country's army.



And then the deadly war machines of Loka moved forward across the wide plain of Cato towards the great capital city that lay at their mercy on the mountainside beyond.



Open fire upon the city as soon as you receive the order!
FOUND IT TO DUST!

High above the great dam that split the mountains range in half, the chief captain of Cato saw the approaching doom and made their terrible decision.



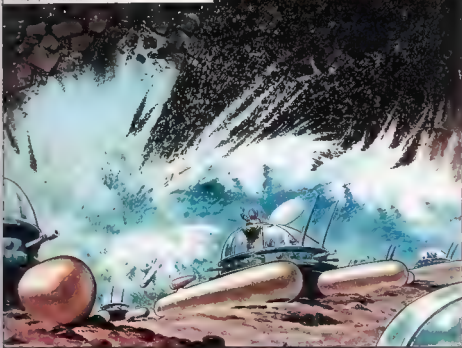
If Cato must perish, Cato's enemies shall perish with her!

Let us be done
DESTROY THE DAM!

At the touch of a lever, the vast wall of the dam erupted like a volcano, filling the air with earth-shaking sound.



A vast ocean of water surged out of the surrounding mountains and swept in an all-engulfing wave across the plains of Cato. The Lakkers saw it coming, and were frozen with terror. Before a single war machine could rise to face the might of Lake Varg, it was long up in the mountains.



As about this time, in the land of Varg, the dream city of Trigo was beginning to rise above the hills. One day, a delegation of tribesmen approached Trigo and his brothers, Klad and Breg.



All eyes were upon Trigo, for as founder of the dream city he had the greatest right to supreme leadership. His brother Breg said to each:

For my part,
give up all
claims to
chiefdomship
to serve my
brother Trigo.

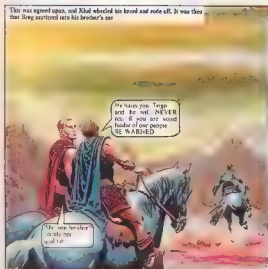




Trig dismounted, and stopped to pick up three small stones from the sandy soil.



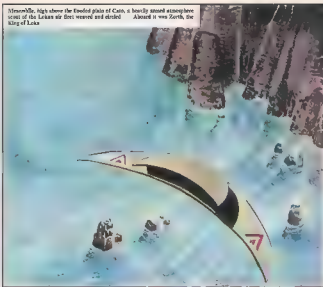
For answer Trig posted to a shallow valley whose floor was smooth with drifted sand.



That night, as his night-bang that had come to a terrible season. Taking his killing scabb, he dipped the point into a cauldron of molten lead. This was chosen from a shank, the deadly surprise of the Varg.

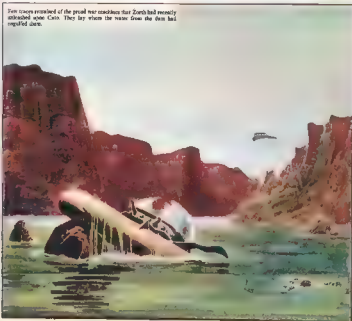


MinerVille, high above the wooded plains of Cato, a heavily armed atmosphere scout of the Lukan air fleet weaved and circled. Aboard it was Zorth, the King of Loka.



First my air fleet. And now my ground forces. Crushed and pounded to wreckage by those spaceborne wonders of Cato.

Two traces remained of the proud war machines that Zorth had recently unleashed upon Cato. They lay where the water from the dam had engulfed them.



Is there anybody out there, my commands? By all the stars, would have half the strength of Loka upon the man who could serve me well.

In the land of Varg, night had fallen, and there was black treasure in the heart of land - a terrible hatred for his brother Friga, who would almost certainly be elected the leader of the people. He knew it.



"I will see the death of
my brother, Friga, in my
own hands."

All through the night, the people of Varg had been working their way to the shallow valley. Each man, woman and child picked up a stone as he ran, and cast it upon the sand.



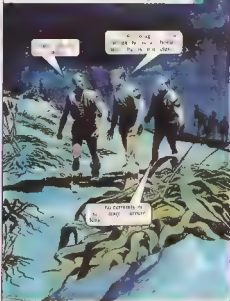
Varg's able stone men were the Friga, even black for
land and every one for the "bird brother" Friga.

Stranded in his roasting flesh, Friga reached the valley unrecognised, and looked down. He heard cries murmured in fury. He saw the shore piled high with white stones glowing deadly in the sunlight.



"I
am
Friga."

The murmurs of those around lifted him to the brother anger in this hour.



"I am
Friga."

"I am
Friga."

"I am
Friga."

Khad's mind was now made up. He stole towards Trigo's tent with murder in his eyes.



The seats outside the tent slid so to ground without a murmur as Khad slipped into them.



Trigo lay asleep, dreaming of the windows, but was rising above the fire hills on the plain of Vag.





An instant before the blade would have cursed the life out of Tego, a massive figure leaped from the far shadows of the tent - a mighty arm was wrapped about Klad's neck.



Tego arose, and his hand flashed to the short sword that lay always under his pillow. He looked up into the eyes, bone-deep face of the Zolt slave whom life he had nearly spared.



Never we as that a word to a called you

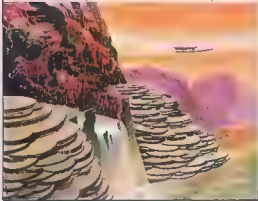
The mighty Zolt lifted up the full-orbed figure of Klad. Tego saw the fallen knife - saw the look of grief in his brother's face, and he knew.



Hatred and regret marred the fine features of Tego of Yarg.



Meanwhile, it was midday in Cato. All that remained of that peace-loving country after they had flooded their low-lying ground to destroy the grand farms of the invading Lokans was the city on the mountain side. And an atmosphere forest of Lokas circled above the mountain city.



The chief captain of Cato stared up at the enemy craft, and wondered.



"We have destroyed their
air fleets and razed their
war machines. Why
will they do this?"

"They will strike again!"
Zorth, the tyrant, will see
men of this city has been
pounded as rubble and
the people of Cato have
watched more of their
city in ruins."

From the atmosphere above, Zorth the Lord of Lokas glared down upon the city, but still defied his might and he came to a deadly decision.



"I swear that I will
neither sleep nor eat
until our voice resounds
upon the other side of
the city of Cato. This
day my son-in-law will
embark upon the
flooded plain of Cato
and will pour
down fire and des-
truction upon those
evil men and people."

Down broke in the Land of Varg. All the people were assembled before the high hall ways of Vargo's dream city to hear the elders pronounce sentence upon the man who had attempted to slay his brother.



"In accordance with the ancient custom of
our people, he condemned man shall fight
in the death with the man he tried to slay.
Finally, he shall be armed only with the
weapon with which he attempted his crime,
and the other shall be fully armed and
unopposed."

As the iron sun of Elekta rose high in the sky, Khul was led to a piece of open ground, and left to defend himself.



At an order from the elders, the great war-burns blazed forth.

and that was the signal for
Vargo to charge down upon his
treacherous brother.



A dozen headlong strides from the crouching figure of his brother, Triga sprang in his midst and drove his weapon up to the ground so that it broke sounder.



His sword fell followed

Though you would have slain me in my sleep, you are still my brother and I cannot take advantage of the sacred custom.



The people of Vory stared in wide-eyed wonder upon the scene.



Flaring can come after and answer Triga snapt headlong from his mount with a challenging shout.



Triga scrambled onto his adversary with bone-swinging force and struck at the other's waistline. The weapon spun to the ground some distance away.



Then the men of hunting and warping on the plains of Vory had pardoned both brothers, and they were evenly matched. The duel became a battle for the possession of the sword with which both sought to make a quick end of the struggle.



The end when it came, was swift and dramatic



Then the joyful shouts died in countless throats as Trigo was seen to stagger and nearly fall



But noticed his hand make a convulsive movement towards a top scratch on his arm where Klad's blade had nicked him slightly

Meanwhile, in nearby Caro, the competing forces of the tyrant King Zorth of Loka were preparing to make a naval assault upon the capital city of that land. Towards sunset, as a maphere boat landed near King Zorth's headquarters



We have a prisoner aboard - we are bringing him here before the King

Trigo collapsed into the arms of the first men to reach him

By the stars! He is as pale as death!



Quickly to bear him to the physicians

Unknown to anyone else Klad's blade had been dipped into the veins of a deadly serpent whose bite was certain death!

The craft landed, and the crewmen dragged out a man when they threw at the feet of their marooned king



All highest we were marvelling the borders of Varg when we saw this weirdo sailing towards I'm We landed, and made him prisoner but he refuses to speak to anyone but yourself!

Klad fell heavily, and lay still. Trigo stood, victorious, and received the salutations of his people



40 high Trigo, took the region

The Varga swarmed after the men bearing their stolen ruler - no one spared a glance for the deluded Klad, who raised himself painfully from the ground and crept away



The weapon a drug is work. Soon he will be no more! Now to get myself a speedy kneel and bear this news to King Zorth!

The prisoner was Klad. He raised his eyes to meet those of King Zorth



What have you to tell me, wretch?

Yes is dead, mighty King and with my help, the head of Varg is yours for the taking!

King Zerk scowled contemptuously at the unknown figure crouched at his feet, and scowled a savage order.



No, all highest!
No.

Stomping wildly, the tall, coarse Klad was dragged away to meet his fate.



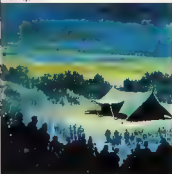
You spoke of the land of Veng being mine for the taking. Klad speak on!

Klad bared his teeth in a snarl of triumph. He knew that he had Zerk's full attention.



My brother is dead, all-highest, on death's door. Give me a small fleet of fighting-craft and a hundred well-armed men and I will take Veng and deliver its people to you or slaves!

Meanwhile, there was grief in the land of Veng. The people stood silent before the tent of their stricken leader. Even strong men wept.



Within the tent the tribal doctors were striving with their ancient magical arts to save the life that was ebbing from Trigo's powerful frame with every flagging breath.



call upon the spirits of our forefathers.

Bring health to our leader Trigo.

Trigo's other brother Breg turned his sorrow-filled, bearded eyes in amazement as the man at his elbow exclaimed scornfully.



The bubbling of gossip and old wives' tales will not save Trigo.

What are you saying? These are the finest doctors among our people!

Feric, the architect of Tharr, indicated the girl who stood next.



My daughter Solva, here, is learned in the new arts of medicine. If you want to save your brother, detest these doctors and give the task to her.

Breg was a slow-witted, slow-thinking man, but content for his beloved brother brought him to a quick decision. He scattered the doctors and their equipment.



Away with you, Feric, my brother's life is in your daughter's hands!

The girl, Solva, knelt by the dying man and lifted his one heavy arm.



There is poison in his blood and must be drawn out. He is to live.

It was at that instant that a great roaring sound filled the air above the two hills of Varg, and out of the sun came a flight of fighting craft, flying low.

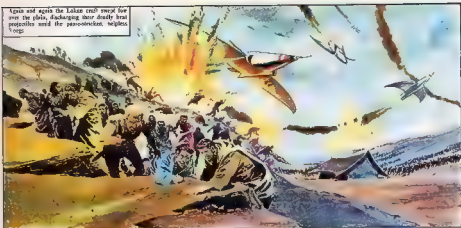


The Lakons are here!

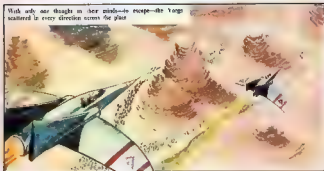
King Zorth had agreed to Klad's plan, and Trigo's treacherous brother was in the foremost craft that opened fire with its steady heat projectiles upon the multitude below.



Again and again the Lokan craft swept low over the plain, discharging their deadly broad projectiles and the paratroopers, helpless Yorgs.



With only one thought in their minds—to escape—the Yorgs scattered in every direction across the plain.



From the leading craft, the treacherous Klud now wearing the emblems of a Lokan officer—looked down upon the vast below.



The Yorgs no longer offer us resistance now—we'll round them up as slaves.

At Klud's orders, a party of airborne warriors plummeted from each craft.



They fell from the sky like swooping hawks. A short distance from the ground, each warrior was brought up safely by the rocket pack on his back.



Meanwhile, a Tego's half-brother told the girl Salva was fighting for the life of the leader of the Varg.



And then...



Most have fled on the plain with their animals. We can track about twenty perhaps a few more. Follow them, who have no food, once in a while...



Some time later, Brag was crouching behind a rocky outcrop and peering across the plain.

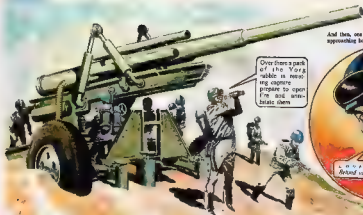


Brag was not a great leader, but his animal courage told him what had to be done.



In a windy hollow made a score of banneted warrior-huntmen—the last hope of the Varg people—clutched the hfts of their long spears more tightly as Brag swung himself inside his kield.





And then, one of the gun crew turned at the sound of approaching hoof beats

Over from a park of the Vorg rubble is rising smoke prepare to open fire and annihilate them



They came at the full gallop with spear points gleaming in the sun and the war-cries of the Vorgs on their lips a handful of warrior huskies led by Breg charging straight for the goal

Far Vorgs Far Vorgs



Swiftly, the deadly gunpoint swept round strided its hard flame



Hell of Breg's day force was wiped out by the first searing blast of heat. But the rest came on, thundering up the slope.



Breg reached the hillcrest and his great sword sliced downwards.

And then it was all over. The strong point was taken. But of the gallant company of warrior hunters who had commenced that magnificent charge, only Brag and one other remained alive.



The Lukam warriors roared. But at his moment of triumph, one bitter thought flashed in the mind of the valiant Brag.



The deadly weapon was simple to operate, even for a pair of half-civilized warrior-hunters. Lukam warriors busy rearing up the fleeing people of Yorg dropped their weapons to gloat at the first discharge.



He ran readily to Trigo's tent. The girl satia met him at the entrance, and Brag's stout heart hunched to see the expression in her eyes.



It seemed no Brag—as he satied down at Trigo's cabin face—that the leader of the Yorgs was already lifeless.



The mighty Brag, too, on his knees and buried his head in his hands.



Meanwhile, high above the plain, the air fleet of Lukam circled, waiting for news from their grand forces below.



Commanding the warriors was Trigo's treacherous second brother, Just. He caught an order.



As the familiar Bang leaped grief-stricken to Trips's side, it seemed to him that a hand cracked out and touched him lightly on his shoulder.



He stood up—only half-dressed—into the eyes of his beloved brother.



At the moment, a Fawcett Vespene warrior burst into the room.



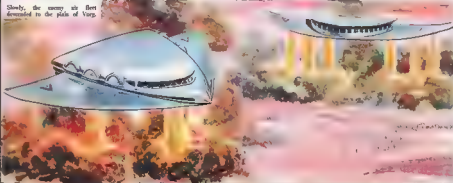
Swiftly, Bang informed his brother of what had been happening during his unconsciousness, and Trips raised himself up, the flame of leadership burning brightly in his eyes.



Bang stumbled out into the sunlight and looked up. High above, the silvery shapes of the Lokan atmosphere craft were descending in formation.



Slowly, the enemy air fleet descended to the plain of Vorp.

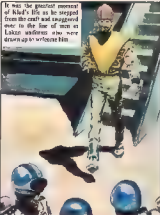


From the leading craft, Tiga's treacherous brother guard down in triumph. It seemed to him as if down here, the Lukan army had won its complete victory.



"Have succeeded! The
Yura people are enslaved,
and King Zorik of Lukan
will reward me greatly!"

It was the greatest moment
of Khod's life as he stepped
from the craft and staggered
over to the line of men in
Lukan uniforms who were
drawn up to welcome him.



He approached the officer
in charge of the guard of
honour.



"You have come
well, Comrade."

and found himself
looking into the mocking
eyes of Tiga!



"Hark, you are the
completers, together!"

Khod backed away with terror. Biting his lips, then,
hearing to the Lukan craft, he screamed a savage order.



"It is a trap! Open fire with
heat projectiles!"

and from a turret on the nearest craft a hard
torrent of devastating flame lashed forth!



As the tongue of flame rushed forth from the heat projectile on the nearest craft, Beng flung himself to the ground . . . but the treacherous Klud remained standing and he took the full force!



Then, leaping to his feet, the valiant Beng led a charge towards the Loksa craft . . .

Forward, warriors of Vag! . . . Give more effort and the enemy air fleet is ours!

The Vargs swarmed over the Loksa craft . . .



Smash your way inside . . . overpower the crew!

A brief, savage battle took place in the engine of the craft . . .



Soon it was all over. The Loksa crew surrendered . . . and a smile of pure delight spread over Beng's hoarse countenance as he gazed upon the captured fleet . . .



Trigo's heart will rejoice to hear the news . . .

He went to his brother's tent, where Trigo lay, still weak from his narrow escape from death . . .



It is done, Trigo! . . . We now possess an air fleet!

And Klud? . . . What of our brother Klud?

He paid the price for his treachery . . . accidentally slain by one of the Lokan warriors . . .

It is just . . . I think the stars that he did not perish by our hands . . .

Motioning his brother to help him, the leader of the Vargs went out into the sunlight . . . and there he summoned Peric, the master architect of Tharv . . .

Finally, Peric . . . Your daughter's medical arts have saved my life, and I thank her from the bottom of my heart.

Trigo eyed the air fleet . . .

Amongst your people, the Tharvs who have taken refuge with us, there must be many with the knowledge to fly and navigate these craft . . .

My lord Trigo, I am glad . . . for the sake of your people, and for the sake of the planet Ekleon, that you are saved!

Indeed there are, my lord . . . The scientists of Tharv invented these craft . . . the evil Lokans only copied us.

The flames of battle burnt in the fire eyes of the leader of the Vargs . . .

At dawn the next day, Trigo stepped into the leading craft of his fleet clad in his trappings of war . . .

We go to avenge our people!

Then, with our small fleet, we will teach the tyrant King Earth of Loka a lesson that he will long remember!

The fleet took the air . . . sweeping low over the half-built walls of Trigo's dream city . . . over the towering monument to the fallen . . .

It was an awe-inspiring sight to the watching multitude.

By the flooded plain of the land of Cato, King Zorth watched the sky with narrowed, angry eyes and came to a decision.



No sign of the boastful cat who said he would conquer Vorg with a hundred men and six atmosphere craft. Very well, we will proceed with the destruction of Cato. Give the order to my navy!

At once, all-highest!

At the order, the mighty warships of Loka raised anchor and set out across the flooded plain to the city of Cato that stood upon the mountain inside the datusae.

Prepare to open fire at point-blank range!



Determined to fight to the last man and the last gun, the gallant people of Little Cato opened fire as soon as the warships came within range.



But the light projectiles bounced off the armored sides of the Loka ships. And so soon as they were within point-blank range, the enemy fleet opened fire with their massive guns.



King Zorth watched the unseen struggle with evil glee. And then one of his officers pointed skywards.



All - highest! Our air fleet has come back from Vorg!

Good! They can add their might to the destruction of Cato!

The six craft of the air fleet dipped low over the sight of the Loka navy.



In the leading craft, Trigs of Vorg looked down upon the enemy fleet.



We have them now. They sought to destroy us, and now we will destroy them! Open fire!

Instantly later, an icy chill clutched at the evil heart of the watching King Zorth.

"All-ahighness!
The air fleet is
firing on the
navy!"



King Zorth shook his fist savagely after the vanishing air fleet.



In a hell of flame, the might of the Lokas navy was pounded to a mass of red hot metal by the guns of the air fleet.



As the last wreck played below the surface, Trigo gave the order to cease fire.



"Sri...
comes
for Varg!"

His officers huddled away, fearful of the fury of their leader.



At sunset, the shattered remains of Zorth's once-mightiest forces set off back for their long return journey to Lokas—on foot.



And with the great retreat, the planet Elekton was safe for years to come from the brutal ambitions of the tyrant king.

Rack is the head of Varg. Trigo landed to receive the wild welcome of his people.



The multitude fell silent as Trigo addressed them.

And it is at this point in the story of the Rise and Fall of the Trigo Empire that the first book of Trigo ends...

